

NUMBER 327

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It seems that Samantha is always horny. Needing some relief today, she texts her gal-pal Kendra to come over and help satisfy her needs. And she does a damn good job, making Sammie moan in ecstasy. But you know that's not enough for her. Kendra pulls out the dildo she brought along and puts it to good use.





































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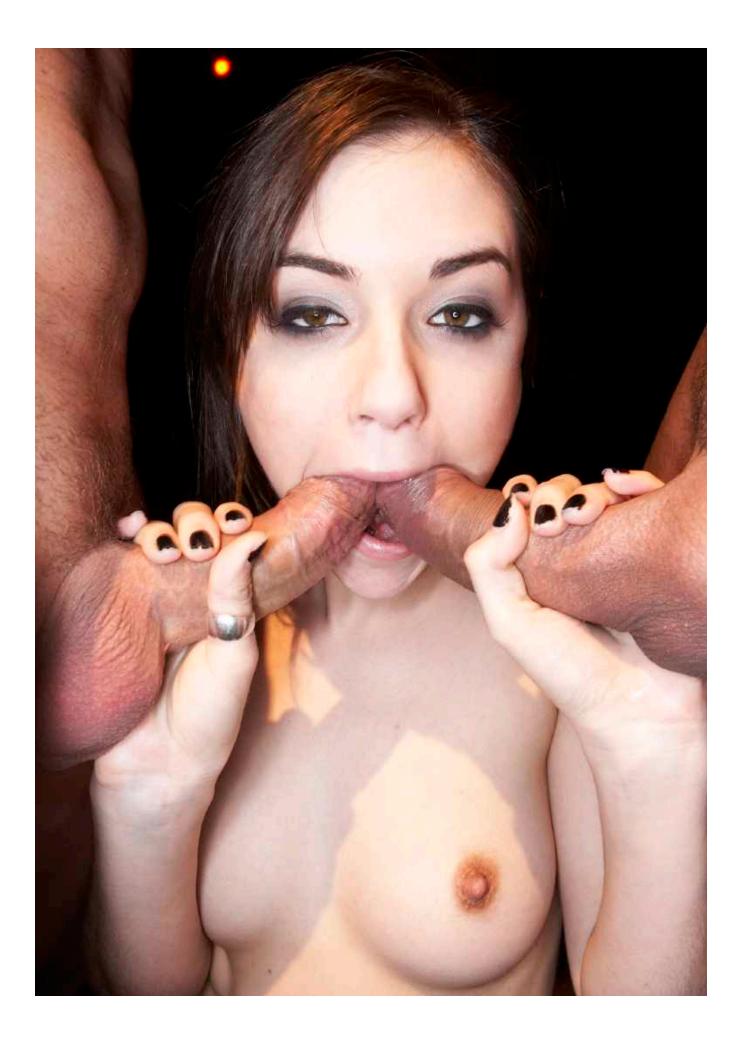
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My California upbringing didn't prepare me for what I'd see and do when I moved to "The Valley." I got involved in a lot of sexy stuff. My favorite thing was to have a lot of sex with guys and girls. After a while, I got to try a two guys and that was really fun! As you can see in these photos it was definitely worth it!





































I had to get out of town if I wanted to be free to live and love my way. And I never looked back.

y mother raised me to stay a virgin until I got married. My more liberal friends had their own rules about sex, things like fucking your husband before you marry him, but not with anyone else; fucking only a guy that's serious about you; no more than three pre-marital partners; never fucking more than one dude at one time in your life. I've broken all those rules by a mile—and a lot more rules they never even thought of.

I'm 35 and still single. There is no Mr. Right, and marriage has all the appeal, for me, of a prison sentence. Why shouldn't I be enjoying myself, and why should it only be with one guy? It's like restaurants. Who wants to eat Chinese food every time they go out? I like a little variety.

Not everyone lives the same way I do or approves of it, but lots do. Most of my friends more or less share my views, and I don't think there's a slut among them. Or a nymph.

I've got three main guys in my life right now. Mike is solid, serious, dependable, a good friend and a good enough sex partner, if you're not looking for anything fancy. Donny is a real player, the biggest womanizer around, and also bisexual. How's that for a combination? He's

great when I feel like a wild scene. He can always cook something up between us, or with a third person, usually another dude. "Irish" (that's his nickname) isn't really Irish at all, but he looks it and the name stuck. They ought to call him Frenchy! That's what he's good at, and I do mean superior. When I want my clit tickled by an expert tongue man, I call Irish and he never lets me down. And in between them? Well, in between I screw with anyone who I feel like. Why not? Who am I hurting? Certainly not them. Certainly not myself.

Just last month I met this guy who really did a number on my pussy. Greg is a salesman for a rival company to the one I work for, and we were in the same office trying to sell our products at the same time. We got into a little friendly ribbing, neither of us closing the sale, and we went for a cup of coffee afterwards.

Soon he's telling me how he usually makes a sale if it's a chick that does the office buying. "I don't do so bad with the guys myself," I say proudly, and he says, "I bet you don't!" Then he starts with some wild improbable story about backing a woman into a supply closet and tak-

ing down her pants, thrusting his tongue into her pussy and scraping her clit with agonizingly slow motions till she was writhing all around the boxes of supplies, finally whispering, "Do it, do it, do it!" And then he takes his tongue away and says, "First give me the order!"

I don't know if I believe that story, and I don't really know whether he meant for me to either, but the important part is that he told the story so vividly I could almost feel his tongue against my clit. I could just imagine the sandpapery roughness of it. The tension in her body was in my body, and the waves running through her were in me too, till I felt drained of strength and very hot from just listening. And he hadn't touched me at all.

You can believe I didn't get any more work done that day. I dragged Greg back to my place (if you can say "dragged" when he was really running right along with me). He didn't need any coaxing. "Now show me how you did it," I said when we got in the door. In a flash he backed me into a corner of my living room and pulled down my pants and acted out it, scene by scene.

This time I really felt his tongue.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore and I begged him to get me off.

He flattened it out and let me feel it all along the length of my inner lips, as well as on my clit. He had an exceptionally good touch because he's got the ability to touch lightly, and that feels better than a hard scraping. A lot of guys press down real hard, thinking that feels best, or maybe they do it so they don't lose contact with the clit, but Greg knew how to flatten his tongue and touch me just hard enough that I felt it, but without pressing down so hard that it loses something, and he never lost his place.

It's not that he had a teasing touch, but he just didn't press down hard. It was a soft touch that allowed me to feel every scraping inch of tongue action, and pretty soon my hips were rotating and gyrating. My ass was bumping into the corner as I threw my body around faster and wilder with those feelings he sent through me. My blood ran hot, my pussy gushed the juices of my readiness.

Then I pulled a switch. "First give me the order," I said, echoing his words as I pushed his head away. He looked blank, of course. "Give me your dick to suck on, is what I mean," I said with the most wicked grin I could muster. I was feeling too weak to grin very convincingly; he had me pretty wiped out.

Greg really wanted to keep on eating me out; he was really having such a good time. I felt good, like an electric current was flowing through me, making my whole body buzz. I love to feel a man's cock in my mouth and the power I have to make him feel good. I'm almost like a benevolent dictator in some foreign country. I enjoy the power, but I only use it for the good, never selfishly or to hurt. Besides, when I feel a guy's hardness in my mouth and I'm exploring the contours of his dick with my tongue and probing the hole in the pointed tip of his cock with the tip of my tongue, it makes me hotter than ever. So I am even more involved in what I am doing and I give the guy a better time that way. The hotter I get, the more I want to please him, sucking and tonguing while I stroke his balls with my fingertips.

Greg just wanted to make me feel good for the moment. I'm sure after that he would have wanted me to suck him off, but I didn't want to wait. I took him to the floor in one sharp tua that made him tumble off balance, and then I got his fly open while he was still recovering. After that he was a goner. I presented my puffy cunt to his face and he picked up where he'd left off, tongue-stroking and occasionally doing a suction thing, while I did a real suction thing on him with my vacuum-cleaner mouth, running my tongue across the tip of his cockhead and feeling how tight the skin was.

One trouble with 69 is that you can't see the guy's face when he comes. I love to look at that expression. It's not the same on every guy.

times guys do this thing where their tongues go up into me and I can feel the tongue all around the opening, where the nerves are, and I just know it's up inside, where it's sexy to think of it being.

He really ate me out, lapping and licking and probing. Finally I couldn't take any more and I begged him to get me off. He nibbled at my clit with little sharp scraping bites that hurt enough to feel good, not enough to really hurt. I had expected him to tongue me off, but he kept nibbling and scraping this way, and each scrape gave me another bigger pulse in my cunt. It was like he was pulling my orgasm out of me with his teeth, scrape by sexy scrape. Each time he started at the base of my clit and bit toward the tip, scrap-



I love to watch: The strain, the drawn face, the tense muscles, the eyes that bulge before they close, the intensity of expression. It made an extra spurt of juice jet out of my cunt, just to picture that expression on Greg's face, even though I couldn't see it. I gulped each wave of hot cum as it pulsed into my mouth, and I swallowed as much of his cock down my throat as I could take without gagging. I wanted it all!

While he was tickling my tonsils I was pressing up against his jaw so hard it hurt my pussy and everything around it. I really wanted to pull his tongue inside of me, because someing, and each time it was like he was pulling me nearer and nearer to total joy. I begged him to flick his tongue on my clit, but he just kept doing it the slow way with his teeth. I knew I'd get there. I was getting closer with every scrape. But could I last? Could I hold on to my senses that long, when I needed to cum so badly?

I'm not actually sure I did hold onto my senses, because there's a period where I think I blacked out for a second. Then, orgasm: A flood of sensations flowing across me, ebbing and washing back across me again, waves of shock, feelings of release, of relief, and then sharp contracting

Greg watched as Donny tongued my ass, and I squirmed in passion and humped the pillow...

stabs of tightening muscles.

More blackness, momentarily. Then I was drifting, lying there and drifting, and Greg was looking down at me. His cock was hard again and sticking out like a signal that was calling me. I didn't have the strength to do anything about it for at least 10 minutes, during which time I lay there floating, while he kept it warm by lazily stroking it above me.

He even said he'd enjoy jerking off on top of me and watching his joy juice spurt into my hair, or aiming for my mouth, or spreading it creamily into my tits. I think I'd have

enjoyed that too, but I wanted it too badly in my mouth so that's where I took it. By the time his hot cock had favored me with its second dose of cum, my cunt was hot for another fuck as well. So I spread my legs eagerly for him to work his magic on my pointed love button.

That afternoon I got the idea of introducing him to my friend Donny. I thought maybe Greg could handle the bisexual aspect of the threesome, but Don-

ny warned me that just because Greg seemed uninhibited didn't mean he did everything. I told Greg that I wanted to be sandwiched between two guys, and that I wanted to take on both of them. I told him I had a friend I fucked with whom I had never engaged in this particular activity before, but who I know would enjoy it, if Greg could dig it. I mentioned nothing about interaction between the two of them.

Greg had no illusions that there had been no one in my life before I had met him, so the presence of Donny didn't create a problem. He agreed to the scene as I'd laid it out, and visions of watching Donny give it to Greg in his slim, tight ass danced pleasurably in my head every evening for a week.

We met at my house. Donny

appears to be all male, so there was nothing to put Greg off. After a couple of drinks and a light dinner, we got down on the bedroom floor, where I have cushions and pillows for easy fucking. Greg watched as Donny tongued my ass, and I squirmed in passion and humped the pillow below me. Then Donny got me below and extended his tongue to my cunt, eating me out as Greg got above me and thrust his dick into my spit-lubricated asshole. With each thrust of Greg's dick into my depths, I squirmed and pressed down harder on Donny's face.

could come, suggesting to Donny that he might like a turn. While Greg washed off his cock, Donny thrust his into my asshole. When Greg returned with a clean and freshly lubricated tool, he shoved it up my cunt. Finally I had the sexy sandwich effect I'd been seeking with a man on either side of me and my pussy walls being stimulated from both sides. I didn't have another cum in me right then, but that didn't make me feel less pleasure.

I know Donny had dreams of Greg's beautiful lean buns and how he could best penetrate them, which



With each motion Donny's tongue rubbed my clit more. The more he rubbed and the more my butt was being fucked, the hotter I got. At last my orgasm exploded like a load of fireworks all set off at once. It was helped along by the picture in my mind of Donny fucking Greg's ass as Greg was doing it to me. I was sure that was what Donny wanted, but Greg had no idea.

Meanwhile, Donny hadn't gotten my action on himself and Greg was pumping my ass. The possibilities were there, but nobody wanted to try anything and spook Greg. In fact, nothing ever did go down between them that night, though we did have one great evening.

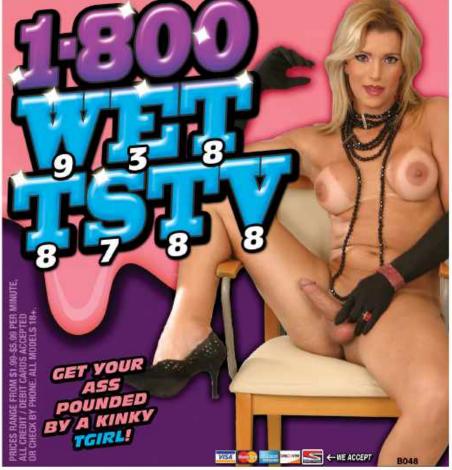
What did happen was that Greg was showing extraordinary willpower and pulled out of my ass before he was the main reason I insisted we all get together again soon. I wanted to see it for myself. I think I could really get off on the sight of Donny reaming Greg's ass with his big, thick, pointy-tipped tool.

I had washed and cleaned myself, but a certain muskiness still clung to me. "Big night, last night?" Mike asked. He is not the sort who wants to know the details, but he finds it pretty erotic sometimes to think of my body possessed by someone else and in the height of outrageous sexual activities. So I nodded my head to his question and added the following by way of information: "Two guys." Mike's eyes opened a little further, and I saw a bobbing below his robe.

We passed the next two hours lazily lounging in bed, distractedly







I'd rather use my finger than to have sex with someone that doesn't turn me on.

getting it on between bits of conversation. It was all done in a very off-handed manner; no great passion, but it suited my purposes for a rainy Saturday morning. There are those who might think it's better to just use your finger than to get it on with someone who means nothing to you, but I beg to differ. I'd rather use my finger than to have sex with someone that doesn't turn me on, but not everyone who turns me on means something to me. For that matter, not everyone who means something to me turns me on.

If a guy like Mike is good in bed

and enjoyable to be with, why shouldn't I enjoy him when my pussy is crying tor a little something? And I knew for damn straight that the juices welling up inside "leftweren't just overs" from the night before. They were my juices, there because my pussy was on fire again. Fine; I did something about it.

Why have I never gotten married? I'm asked that every time I go home for a visit. I have answers, but not ones that are accept-

able to my folks. I've never met a guy I loved in a way that equated with marriage, for one thing. I've loved a number of men a little, and a few to a greater extent. That's not the same as saying I want to spend my life with any of them.

If I were married I wouldn't have been the sandwich between Greg and Donny. I wouldn't have been getting fucked the next morning by Mike. I wouldn't be planning, even now, how to take things to the next level the next time Donny and Greg and I get together.

What happened last night wouldn't be acceptable to the folks back home either. His name? Jeff. That's all I got, his first name. I'd gone to a party and somebody got out these old vinyl records and put them on. Touch dancing. Then

someone lowered the lights and we were dancing cheek to cheek. Then this guy Jeff had me, with his arm around me and just above my waist. I always thought the modern dances were the sexy ones. I had never tried the old steps; I don't know how Jeff knew those dances so well. He seemed younger than me.

But he led and I followed, and his body moved fluidly around the floor, undulating as he held me close. I knew it wasn't the only one turned on by the movements and the closeness; his hard-on was pretty insistent as it poked into the lower part of my belly. dulations of my hips. Dance, press, rub, press ... come! As soon as I had recovered from the orgasm (which nearly caused me to fall down and pull Jeff with me), I pressed against him harder, rubbing his stiffness into the fabric of my dress.

He didn't know what to do about it. He needed to come, but he didn't want wet pants. He stood there, neither resisting nor allowing me to help him. I didn't know which way to go, but after a few seconds his body told him. I had no free will in the matter. Inexcusably, his balls propelled him and he thrust his body in a rotating



I stood on tiptoes and Jeff hunched down a little, and pretty soon we almost fit together. We drifted around the floor while his body moved like mercury, and mine tried to keep time with the music and the motions and the sensations inside my cunt.

An orgasm was building in me, aching to get out, from the insistence of his hard cock against me and the movement of his body pressed sensually to mine. I danced him into a very dark corner, and my movements became more obvious. They were the movements of dance and not the motions of fucking, only standing up and with my clothes on.

I made no attempt to hide my lust from Jeff, only to be cool around the others on the floor. We ground our bodies together and I rubbed my tits against his chest to the unmotion against mine while I urged him on with such whispered encouragements. "Go, baby, do it, do it, give it to me. Come on, come on, let me have it, you know you need it, you know you want it, do it!" And he did want it, and he did need it, and his dick let go and released his sperm, and then he disappeared into the crowd.

I didn't see him again that evening and I don't ever expect to see him again. For all I know, one of the chicks at the party was his wife, and it wasn't a "swing" party. It's all right. It was good and it was what I wanted. But I wouldn't have been all night back home.

To me, the real point is that I truly enjoy my life. My motto is: "This above all, to thine own self be true." I am.



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Lovely Leah comes from a place in our imagination that we've all visited once or twice before. Her sexual appetite is second to none, and while she chooses not to use the words lithe and limber to describe herself, she does say that it fits her well. So let's just say that she loves sex with men that excite her. Just imagine!

























































Molly says she's not usually attracted to girls, but Jennifer is out to change her mind. After weeks of innocent flirtation, she still wasn't sure if she was into trying it, but Jennifer succeeded and finally Molly has joined the team. Now Molly can't wait to learn some new things she didn't know about making love to a woman.











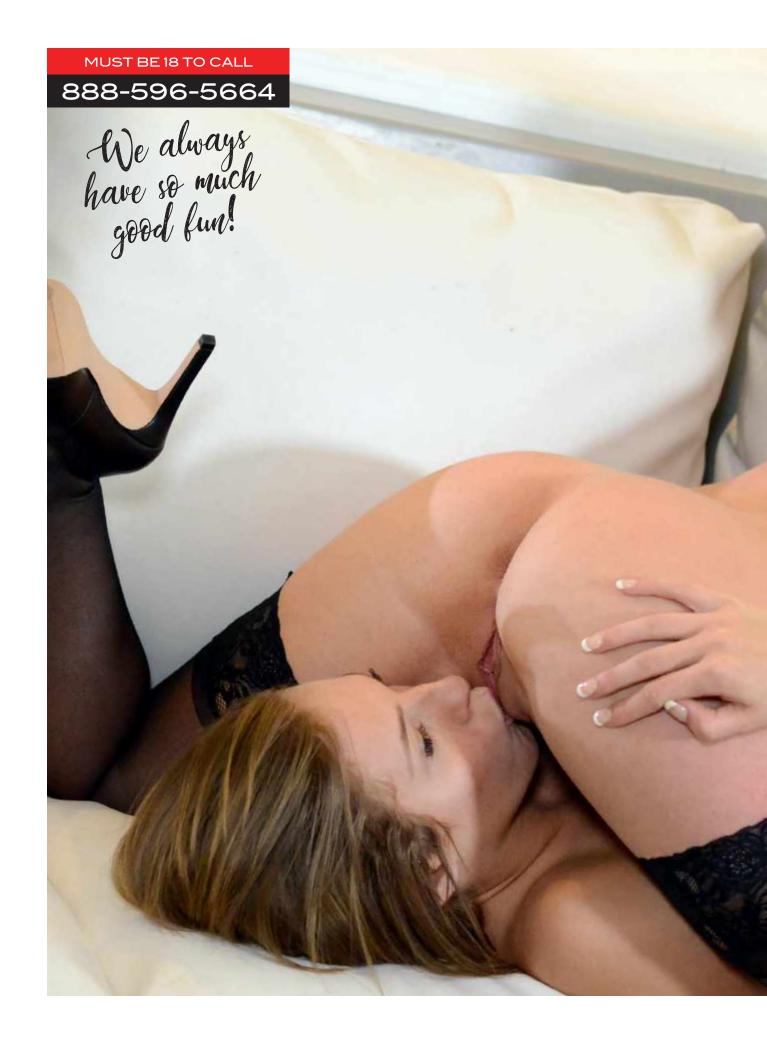














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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

THE WRONG DOOR

It wasn't too long ago that I had this incredible experience after a really stupid mistake. I was out at a bar with some friends on game day, and you know how it can get; couple extra rounds when the game gets going. But, of course, the more I drank, the more I needed to go to the bathroom, so I ran off at the beginning of the commercial, thinking I'd be back before I missed anything.

I probably had a few more than I thought I did, and in my rush, I stumbled back through the bar and fell into the bathroom door more than anything else. I thought they had urinals, but I was too far gone to care too much and just let it all out in the stall. When I turned around, I was still putting my junk away when I saw this tall, vivacious redhead halfway through pulling off a wet jersey that was already too tight. We both froze me with my cock hanging out and her already flashing her gigantic tits at me.

It felt like time had stopped as neither one of us said anything. But we were staring. She could've screamed; I was the one in the wrong place. But she didn't. She just watched as my exposed meat got harder the longer she stared. And maybe it was the alcohol, but I swear her boobs got more prominent the longer I stared at them. Finally, she made the first move, reaching over and turning the lock on the bathroom door. I'm still not sure why she did it.

All I know is that I liked where this was going. She grabbed me by the shirt and pushed me against the sink. Then, with a glare that shouted, 'don't move,' she lowered herself the rest of the way out of her wet jersey and towards my excited rod. I bit my lip, trying to stay quiet as she teased it, letting her hungry lips slowly breathe over the sensitive flesh.

She was careful not to touch it, content to let the air and heat do all the work. My eyes rolled up, and I tried to flex and shift to get her to take it, but she wanted me desperate and full

of desire; that was what she had. I was squirming and whimpering when she finally let her tongue poke out at my slit, which sent shivers rushing through me. She took her time, swirling around the head like a delicious dessert.

I moaned, and she shot me the glare again, though this time, she rewarded me by (slowly) swallowing my heavy cock down to the balls. I had to bite my fist when she kept going, swallowing my huge nuts one at a time. Then, she somehow managed to juggle them with her tongue while her throat tickled my head. I still don't know how she did it! When she finally released my balls, I gasped

I PULLED OUT, LETTING MU JUICE SPRAY ALL OVER HER CHEST AND FACE.

in shock, and she began to jack me off while rubbing her face all over my meat.

She stood up and pressed her boobs into my chest as she started to make out with me, still holding a firm grasp on my dick. It was throbbing like it was ready to explode, but she squeezed back and told me not yet. I gulped, wondering what else she had in mind. She pressed against me, only her panties guarding against my eager meat finding its way inside.

Then suddenly, that layer was gone, and she guided my cock inside. She moaned loudly, not













caring that she'd stopped me earlier. At that point, I didn't care either. She turned me around and hopped up on the sink, legs wrapped around me as I went to town. I didn't give any buildup, and she loved it, demanding more. Her boobs flopped everywhere as I ravaged her insides, feeling my body shake and shudder.

I couldn't take it anymore, and with a last thrust, I pulled out, letting my juice spray all over her chest and face. I told her it was for teasing me, but it was hotter, especially when she took my dick and started painting my juice all over, lingering on her nipples before taking one last swallow. Contented, we both got dressed, her using her wet shirt to clean up, then we rejoined the bar just as the team took the lead.

- Ryan F., Cleveland

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Sometimes, the best moments in life are surprises. A few weeks ago, I experienced one of the best surprises of my life when a date I was on turned out to be with the wrong person... after I figured it out, it turned out to be the best mistake I've ever made! It started normally enough. I met this brunette chick online, and we hit it off with our messages. And, sure, we sent some pictures back and forth before we agreed to meet at a nearby restaurant for dinner and some drinks. I spotted this woman sitting at the bar, waiting expectantly for someone. Even though she didn't look exactly like her picture, there were enough similarities, and I had experience with the honesty of online dating pics. Besides, she was looking for someone who seemed to meet my description too, because when I said hi, she replied with a bright smile and let me lead her back to a table.

don't remember much of the meal, but the company was sublime. She was casual and easygoing, more relaxed than in our online chats. That should have been my second clue, but I was so into the moment and her that I just kept going. It wasn't until we both got outside and checked our phones that we realized we both missed our actual dates.

We looked at one another, and there was this second where it almost felt like she might run out on me. And

then she laughed and grabbed my hand as an angry-looking woman, probably my original date, spotted us. We ducked between the cars and made plans to meet at the park across the street. In a daring move, I stole a kiss that she returned fiercely before turning to her car. I watched for a second, then followed in my truck.

We met again under a large tree, away from the parking lot and with a great view of the night sky. Both of us remembered coming here as kids and feeling awe and wonder under the stars; in the moment, it felt like the perfect meeting place. We snuggled close, leaning against the famil-

THAT WE WERE IN A PUBLIC PARK DIDN'T SEEM TO STOP EITHER ONE OF US.

iar trunk. I never believed feelings could grow this fast, but I already felt for her. It was in how we held each other and talked to one another. It was so natural, even easy.

When I leaned down to kiss her, I knew we were lost to each other. Her arms wrapped around me as she pulled me on top of her, and a kiss became a heavy makeout. Slowly, we explored each other's mouths, taking in the taste and the sensations while our bodies heated up in the cool night air. That we were in a public park didn't seem to stop either one of us. She pulled me closer, rubbing her body against mine and finding unique ways to tug at my







shirt. It didn't take me long to get the hint, and as I pulled back to reveal my thick chest, she pulled off her top, showing off her large, perky pillows without a bra to hold them back.

I leaned back and admired the way her tan flesh shimmered in the moonlight while she found my belt and started to loosen my engorged meat. I let out a gasp of relief as soon as she freed it, but the relief was short-lived as she grabbed my cock and pulled me up her body, squeezing my shaft between her soft, thick cleavage. I let her lead, taking me where she was comfortable, and that started with me sliding in and out of her boobs while she squeezed them over my cock. Her fingers flicked and played with her nipples, and I felt her feet wrap around my back. She didn't hold back, letting out loud moans and screams heedless of anyone around us.

She told me to lift and plow her, and she gave me a huge smile when my cock throbbed in her tits. I took a deep breath and did what she asked, pinning her against the tree as I slid into her wet, hungry hole with ease. I started slow, but she kept egging me on, and it wasn't long before I was drenched in sweat and giving her everything I had. She screamed with each thrust: somehow, I found deeper and tighter spots each time. I cried out, and it wasn't long before I erupted, with her burying her lips in mine. I let her have everything I had before slowly letting her down. And as I stood there shaking, she made out with me and suggested we head back to her place, where I've stayed since that night.

- Edward L., Tulsa, KS

WHAT I CAN BE

I remember the whole thing like it was yesterday. You were standing there staring me down with the look of lust in your eyes. I see a handsome man in the club's dim

light, you have a wine alass in your hand. Now I am a young woman, I have smooth, tan skin, long cury light brown hair that I wear way past my shoulders. My dress looks like it was painted on. As you look at me long you notice my skinny eyebrows, my big, bright hazel eyes, my full red glossy lips, you start to look down and you see my firm high breasts.

As I wait for you, I walk over to the window. The room is so dark all you can see is the bed with the moon light shining in. I slip out of my dress and as soon

as it starts to fall to my feet you walk in. You see I know and you know you want something new. No, you need some thing new. You stand there looking interested, so I spread my legs open so you can see my pussy. As I rub, my wet juices begin to drip down my legs. By the time you are on top me, we are eye to eye – lips to lips – locked onto each other.

You start to push in and out as my moans get lost in this all. You kiss my lips and I start to close my eyes and moan as you pump in and out of me. Then we roll over and its my turn to take control. I start grinding my hips. Then I start to move back and forth. I go faster

then I start to moan and throw my head back as I am about to cum. I grab your chest as the pleasure of it rushs through my veins.

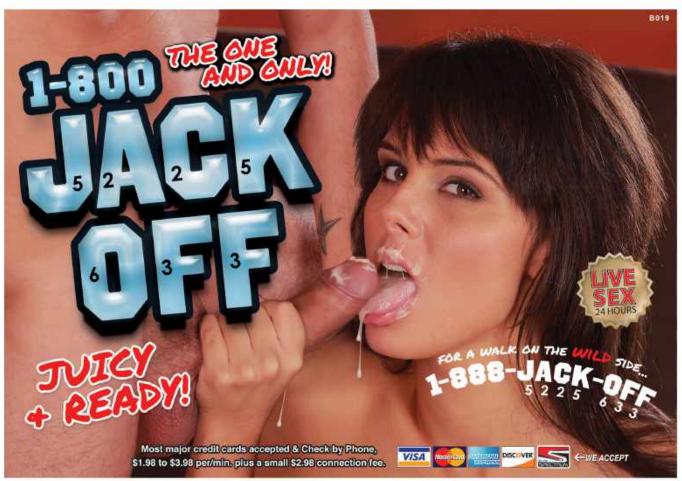
I start to look you in the eyes again and I notice you are looking at



me. You see the beauty past our sex – you see what you have been missing. You've been missing sex that wasn't planned. Your wife will suck you for five minutes, lay down on her back for ten, then wait for you to cum. But with me its different. I let you stay in me as long as you wish. I am something different. I am whatever you want me to be.

- Eve C., Boston

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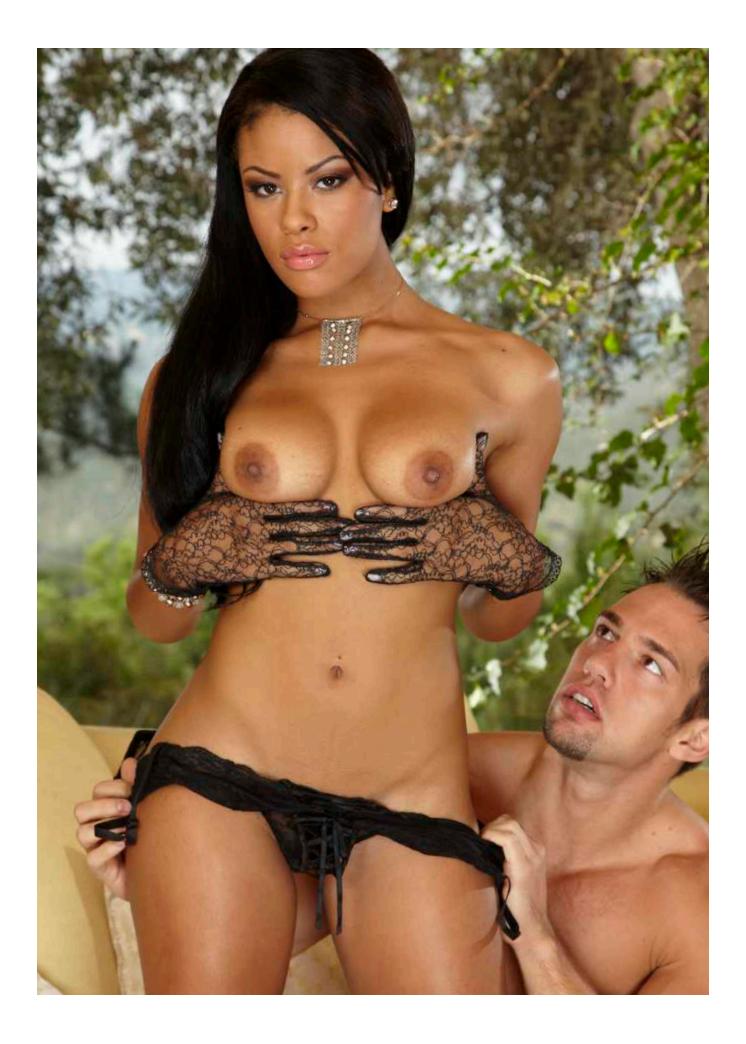








In college I finally got a chance to try different men, and I didn't realize that until I was a couple years into the university. My best girlfriend was a senior and played around a lot. She would tell me stories of having sex with different guys and all all could say was "My turn, bring them on!" I liked it a lot more than I should.

















































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These two stunning blondes seemed joined at the boobs. Then that switches to tongues on pussies. They take their time before introducing a glass dildo to their vaginal innards. Finally, the strap on dildo comes out, and then goes in. And we don't want them to stop cumming! It's so nice when girls can cum together!































































